

FAWCETT

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE

AUTHORITY

No. 95

12¢

Dennis the Menace



the Cookie Jar

GOSH! REAL, LIVE INDIANS!



We based the Indian story in this book on real, live Indians—the Indian dancers from the St. John's School of Laveen, Arizona.

These boys are full-blooded Indians of the Apache, Pima, Navajo, and Papago tribes. At their school, run by the Franciscan friars in the Arizona desert, over 400 Indian boys and girls attend grade

and high school.

There, these "First Americans" learn useful skills to enable them to get along in the "white man's world." They have even built their own school fire engine—ready for action in 28 seconds!

The St. John's Indian Dancers tour the country each summer to call attention to the fine work of their school.

DENNIS THE MENACE, a magazine published bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. Editorial and executive office at 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. All rights reserved. Single copies 12c. Subscriptions \$7.10 for 12 issues; add 40c for Canadian, 75c for foreign and Pan American subscriptions. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Meriden, Conn. ADDRESS ALL MAIL: subscriptions, change of address, form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Mag., Greenwich, Conn.; and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. In correspondence with this magazine please be sure to include your local postal zone number. If any names of all characters used in cartoons, stories, and articles are fictitious, if the name of any living person or existing institution is used, it is a coincidence. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and are submitted at the author's risk. Copyright 1967 by Publishers-Not Syndicate, No. 95, March, 1968. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A., By The Eastern Color Printing Co., Waterbury 30, Conn.

CITY PLAYGROUND GRAND REOPENING!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... BOYS AND GIRLS ...
OUR MAYOR, THE HONORABLE MINNIE COYLE!

How come the playground's
been **CLOSED** so long, Dad?

They've been building
a lot
of new
equipment
--you'll see!

As your Mayor, it is a real
pleasure and privilege to
reopen your playground...

YA DON'T
HAVE TO!

Anybody can
get in past
these ol'
ribbons!

Oh, but I have
to **CUT** them
first... that's
part of
the
ceremo-
ny!

"DENNIS THE MENACE", CREATED BY HANK KETCHAM, APPEARS IN
OVER 700 NEWSPAPERS ... IN 43 COUNTRIES ... IN 14 LANGUAGES!



I see the boys and girls are impatient, so I'll cut my talk short.

Cut the RIBBON!

Yeah! C'mon!



Would you like to have your picture taken with me while I cut the ribbon?

Okay.



There!

So? Now what happens?

SNIP!



Now you can go IN!

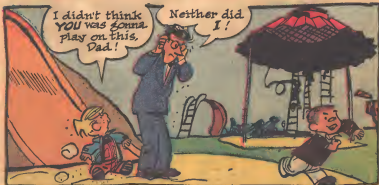
LET'S GO, KIDS!

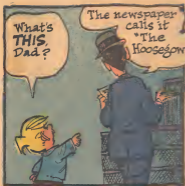


My goodness!

YAY! YIPPEE!
YAHOO!









Listen, Buster, you've been giving me a **BAD TIME** all day!



Kids!

Grownups!



Oboy! This is my favorite!

Uh-huh!



Catch, Dad!

Dennis!

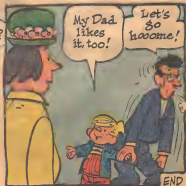
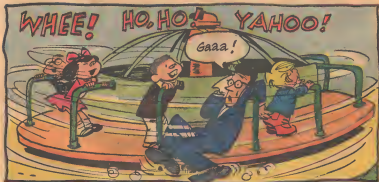


Isn't it a good thing for kids they get all this deep sand here?

Yeah... and for us poor old adults!



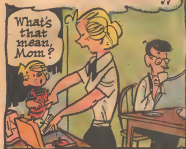


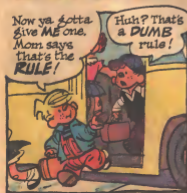
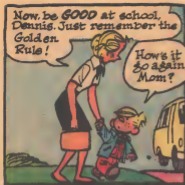


The GOLDEN RULE

♪ SCHOOL DAYS ♪ SCHOOL DAYS ♪
DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS ♪

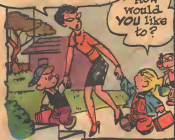
Oh, that's a song we used to sing about going to school.





There will be **NO** fighting today, or you'll sit in the **CORNER!**

How would **YOU** like to?



WHAT WAS THAT?

If I gotta sit in the corner, **YOU** gotta!



WHO SAYS SO, YOUNG MAN?

My **MOM** says so! That's the **RULE!**



Mrs. Mitchell, I don't know what sort of **NEW RULE** you've taught Dennis, but it will only get him into trouble!



But... ?

... but how can the **Golden Rule** get anyone in troub...

CLICK



Anyone but Dennis, that is!



CAN YOU BELIEVE

WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE
DRAWING BELOW?
JUST A WINEGLASS?
KEEP LOOKING AND
YOU'LL SEE...



...TWO GIRLS LOOKING
AT EACH OTHER!

TOO BAD THIS PICTURE
FRAME IS CROOKED.
BUT IS IT?
GET A RULER AND...



....YOU'LL FIND IT'S
SQUARE ALL AROUND!

IN THE DIAGRAM BELOW, YOU CAN SEE THAT THE
LINE FROM A TO B IS LONGER THAN THE LINE
FROM B TO C. BUT GET A RULER AND....



... YOU'LL FIND THESE LINES ARE EQUAL!

YOUR OWN EYES???

IS THERE A WEDGE CUT
OUT OF THIS CHEESE?
KEEP LOOKING AND...



..IT MAY BE A WEDGE STICKING OUT!

THIS JAR IS MADE OF SEVERAL
SEPARATE PIECES, RIGHT?
WRONG...



... IT'S DRAWN IN ONE
CONTINUOUS LINE!

IS THE MAN TALLER THAN THE BOY?



YOUR RULER WILL SHOW
THEY ARE BOTH THE SAME
HEIGHT!

TOO BAD THESE WIRES
ARE CROOKED..



BUT THEY'RE NOT!
THEY'RE ALL PARALLEL!

GEORGE WILSON..... SECRET AGENT!



Hi!
Where's
good ol'
Georgie
Porgie?

Now, Dennis...
don't call
Mr. Wilson that!
You know
it annoys
him.



Aw, gee! I felt
like seein' his
face turn
PURPLE!

Dennis!
I'm
SURPRISED
at you!



He's up in the
attic... but promise
not to call him.
YOU-KNOW-WHAT.

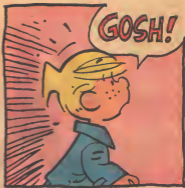
Oh, I
wasn't
gonna
call him
THAT!

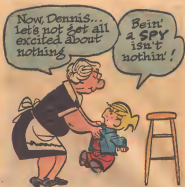


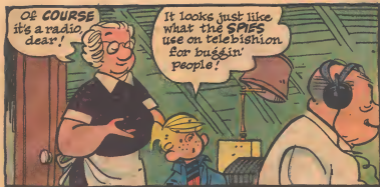
Hi, Mr. Wilson!
I know you're
hidin' in
there!

**BANG
BANG
BANG**









OF COURSE
it's a radio,
dear!

It looks just like
what the **SPIES**
use on telebishment
for buggin'
people!

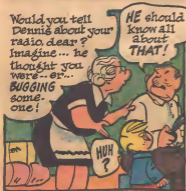


Maybe Mr. Wilson will
EXPLAIN it to you.

Yeah - to **ME**, or the **F.B.I.**!



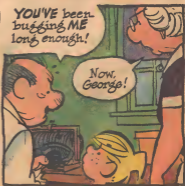
WHAA?



Would you tell
Dennis about your
radio, dear?
Imagine... he
thought you
were... er...
BUGGING
some-
one!

HE should
know all
about
THAT!

HUH?



YOU'VE been
bugging **ME**
long enough!

Now,
George!



Is that **REALLY** a radio, Mr. Wilson? No foolin'?

No fooling.



Gee, it's just like the spies use on T.V.!

Well, it's a radio. Here.



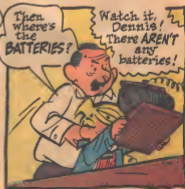
GOSH!

♪ Aloha oe...
Aloha oe...♪



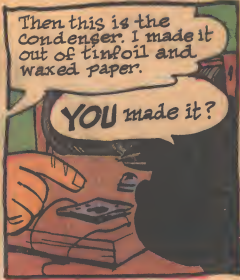
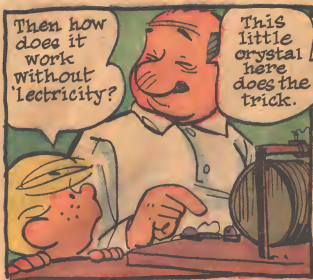
Where's it plugged IN?

Nowhere.



Then where's the **BATTERIES?**

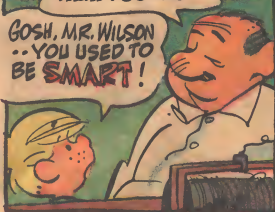
Watch it, Dennis!
There **AREN'T** any batteries!



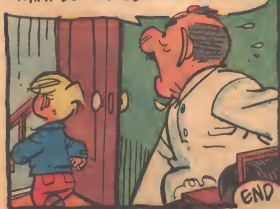
Of course. And I wound all this wire around this old oatmeal box.



Sure... a long time ago, when I wasn't much older than YOU are.



What do you mean ... USED to be smart? Huh, Dennis? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?



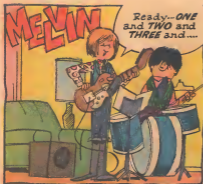
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (for October 23, 1942)
Boston 4260, Title 39, United States Code

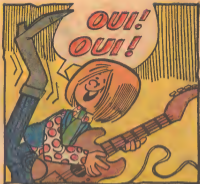
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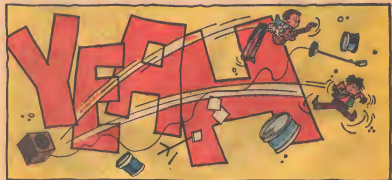
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A. Total No. Copies Printed (Not Press Run)	672,876	694,746
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	308,350	\$17,900
2. Mail Subscriptions	430	500
C. Total Paid Circulation	308,780	\$18,400
D. Free Distribution (Including Samples by Mail, Carrier or Other Means)	398	406
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	309,178	\$18,806
F. Office Use, Left Over, Unsold, Returned, Spoiled After Printing	283,714	285,942
G. Total (Sum of E & F - should equal total press run shown in A)	672,876	694,746

I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete.

Signed W. Paul Stenning





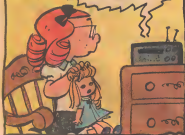




The CAT-NAPPERS



On the local news, here is a warning for all CAT OWNERS...



... stray cats have been killing birds in the city parks. From now on, all pet cats must wear a RED RIBBON. All cats NOT wearing red ribbons will be taken to the City Pound.

MY GOODNESS!



HERE, PRUDENCE! PRUDENCE!

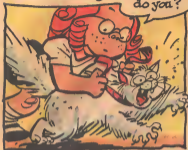
Mrow.



I THOUGHT we had a lot of this left from Christmas!



Stand still, Prudence! You don't want to go to the pound, do you?



There! Aren't you pretty?



All right... it's safe for you to go out now.



I think I'll take a walk too.



Dennis... did you hear what the man on the radio said about cats?

He said they're strictly for the BIRDS, huh?



Yes! That's right!

Huh?



I hope **EVERYBODY** with a cat heard that!

Heard **WHAT?**

That if their cats **DON'T** have red ribbons on, they'll be taken to the **Pound!**

Who cares?

Well, at the **Pound**, the cats might be put to **SLEEP!**

So? Cats **LIKE** to take naps.

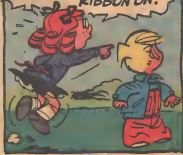
No, no! They might get put to sleep for **GOOD!**

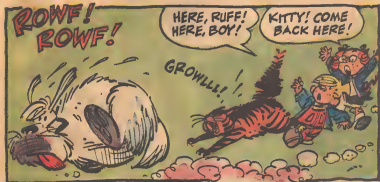
That's what I said! Naps are **GOOD** for cats!

When I say being put to sleep, I mean...
...bzz...bzz...
...bzz...

Gooh! That shouldn't happen to a **DOG!**

LOOK! THERE'S SALLY'S CAT WITHOUT A RED RIBBON ON!





Run
along
now,
kitty!

Okay, boy..
you can hop
down now.



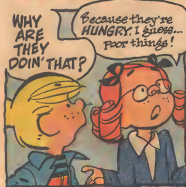
I don't get it.
WHY are they
pickin' up cats
without red
ribbons?

Because some
STRAY cats
are killing
birds in the
park.



WHY
ARE
THEY
DOIN' THAT?

Because they're
HUNGRY. I guess...
poor things!



Say! Do you
have any **MILK**
at home you
don't need?

Plenty!
I don't
need
ANY
milk!



Then why don't
you get it...
and I'll get some,
too!

What are
we gonna
do.. have a
MILK FIGHT?



No! We'll feed
those stray cats
so they won't eat
birds!

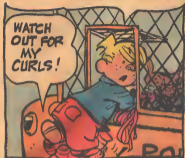
Good
idea!



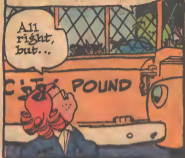




HOLD STEADY, MARGARET!



Watch out for the guy!



That's funny.. every cat in the park has a ribbon on!



Hey, Mister... you gotta turn these cats loose! They all got red ribbons on!

WHAT...? HOW...?



Off ya go, guys!



AND SO..

THANKS for the milk! I didn't think you LIKED it!

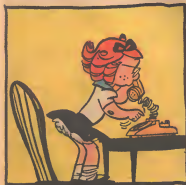
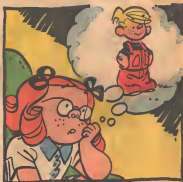
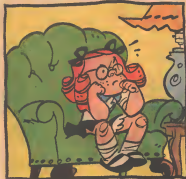
No.. but I got friends who DO!



TALKING BACK!

How dare you call my doll **HOMBLY!**
I'll never talk to you again, Dennis!
NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!!

Okay by
me!



This is a recording
I like you, Dennis...
I like you, Dennis...
I like you,
Dennis...

?



the Cookie Jar

INDIANS WHOOP IT UP!



Above is the St. John's Drum and Bugle Corps, which also goes on extensive tours.

Right:—The Indian dancers at the airport in Frankfurt, Germany. They have made three trips to Europe to display their native dances, and have found that many people in Europe are very much interested in our Old West,

The boys make their own native costumes to keep up their age-old skills.



Dennis the Menace The EXPERT

Gee, I wish I could drive a car!

It's EASY!
Hop in... I'll show ya!



Ya stick a key in there an' turn it....

Yeth?



... then ya move this to one of them letters there...

Uh - huh.



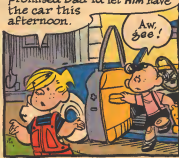
... then ya just STEER it! That's all there is TO it!

Take me for a ride, Dennis! Take me for a ride!



Well ... uh... I CAN'T, Joey. I promised Dad I'd let HIM have the car this afternoon.

Aw, gee!



Scrapped by Jojo

